

BEVERLY. Ok.

(*BEVERLY exits.*)

LORRAINE. Northeast office.

Oh hi Brenda.

(*To MR. DART.*)

It's my friend Brenda.

Hi Brenda. Yeah I was just about to call you back but I have to cover the phones for Beverly. Can I call you later?

I'm fine.

(*Almost cries.*)

No I'm fine. "HELP! I'm in Love with a Narcissist!"

It's It's a book Beverly told me about it. I'll call you. Later. Ok? Later. Ok. Ok. Bye.

(*Almost cries. Blows her nose.*)

(*Awkward pause. LORRAINE looks off.*)

LORRAINE. Answering the phones can be really stressful.

MR. DART. I imagine.

(*Awkward pause.*)

LORRAINE. I don't know how Beverly does it all day long. I'd go crazy. "Northeast office Northeast office Northeast office" all day long!

MR. DART. Me too.

LORRAINE. Constant interruption. Phone phone phone people like you walking in. More phone calls.

MR. DART. I'd be

LORRAINE. Right?

MR. DART. What what what?

LORRAINE. "Hello." "Hello."

MR. DART. "Hold please."

LORRAINE. Over and over and over and

(*MR. DART laughs.*)

LORRAINE. I'd snap.

MR. DART. I'd be

LORRAINE. I'd snap. Totally.

(*MR. DART laughs.*)

LORRAINE. Right?

MR. DART. Totally.

LORRAINE. I'd be "Can someone else please answer the phone!"

MR. DART. Yeah.

LORRAINE. "Someone!"

MR. DART. "Anyone!"

LORRAINE. "Anyone!" "Please!"

MR. DART. Yeah.

LORRAINE. I'd get fired.

MR. DART. Yeah.

LORRAINE. So fast.

MR. DART. They wouldn't fire you.

LORRAINE. They totally would.

MR. DART. No way.

LORRAINE. They'd be "She just stopped answering the phones!" "All of a sudden!"

MR. DART. "She left her post!"

LORRAINE. "She abandoned the phones!"

MR. DART. They'd never fire you.

LORRAINE. I'd be out.

MR. DART. You're too pretty.

LORRAINE. Shut up.

MR. DART. You are. You are.

LORRAINE. Shut up.

MR. DART. You're a very attractive woman.

LORRAINE. Mr. Dart.

MR. DART. Martin.

LORRAINE. Mr. Dart.

MR. DART. You are. You gotta know that.

LORRAINE. You can't say things like that at the office.

MR. DART. This isn't my office.

LORRAINE. You could get into so much trouble.

MR. DART. What Are you going to

LORRAINE. What?

MR. DART. Are you going to get me into trouble?

LORRAINE. I might.

MR. DART. You might?

LORRAINE. I might.

MR. DART. You might huh?

LORRAINE. Maybe.

Northeast office.

I'm sorry he's out of the office. Can I put you into his voicemail? Ok. Thanks.

MR. DART. What kind of trouble?

LORRAINE. You're a flirt.

MR. DART. Flirting livens a place up.

LORRAINE. Does it ever.

MR. DART. No harm in it.

LORRAINE. Well.

(MR. DART smiles.)

LORRAINE. I don't know about that.

MR. DART. No harm done.

LORRAINE. It can get people into trouble.

(MR. DART smiles.)

LORRAINE. No but real trouble.

MR. DART. Lorraine it's ok. Don't worry. I'm not going to

LORRAINE. Not going to what?

MR. DART. Anything.

LORRAINE. Oh.

MR. DART. Why? Should I?

LORRAINE. Oh.

MR. DART. Because I could.

LORRAINE. It's

MR. DART. Because I would.

LORRAINE. I'm

MR. DART. I wouldn't mind.

LORRAINE. (*Mutters:*) "HELP. I'm in Love with a Narcissist!"

MR. DART. What?

LORRAINE. Nothing.

MR. DART. What?

(BEVERLY enters. *She has the mail.*)

BEVERLY. What.

LORRAINE. What?

MR. DART. What?

BEVERLY. What?

LORRAINE. There weren't many calls.

BEVERLY. Uh hm.

LORRAINE. Mr. Raymond didn't call.

BEVERLY. Ok.

LORRAINE. He didn't call I thought he would But he didn't. I thought he would.

(*Laughs.*)

BEVERLY. I brought you a croissant.

LORRAINE. I'm going to go do some work.

BEVERLY. Do you still want it?

LORRAINE. What?

BEVERLY. I bought you this.

LORRAINE. Oh Thanks.

BEVERLY. You're welcome.

LORRAINE. Thanks.

(*Exits into her office.*)

BEVERLY. So are you married?

MR. DART. I am.

BEVERLY. Uhm.

Ok.